an' beat her out by twelve blocks over any distance o' soil from six furlongs t' two miles, an' it's me that's hurlin' this shout.

"This 'Zahzah' dope-dream ain't strictly member o' th' church, an' it can't be

a member o' th' church, an' it can't be

whole lot after-darker than it reely is. Some o' th' peeple in it ain't jes' th' right measure, an' they cut a lot o' figger-o'-

eights that they're not a-braggin' about,

but most of 'em square 'emselves up all right, all right, in th' long run, before they

git under th' wire, an' you break out think-in' that they couldn't ha' done much diff'-rent, even if they'd tried t' be good. "Well, I'm not a soft-soap mark meself, as a gener'l t'ing, an' w'en you want t' pull a weep out o' me you've got t' git a pair o' conal mules and a wirelless But

say, this female cyclone wit' th' hair th

color o' a Tommy Atkins coat had me on

th' run a whole few. She give me th' throat-clutch an' th' spine-chill, an' there was plenty o' times w'en I made out like

I was a-huntin' fer me program beneath th' seat so's th' geezers nex' t' me wouldn't

savvy that I had th' wet glisten in me

their broken-votced throbs, wit' th' fiddlers

in th' orchestra sawin' out shivery high notes, I allus felt like sayin', 'G'wan, ye can't drag no quakey sobs out o' me wit that kind o' game;' but it was no go fer me t' try t' shoot this one into meself at this 'Zahzah' show. Mrs. Terra-Cotta jes' got me on th' lowe in th' second act o' th'

got me on th' lope is th' second act o' th' piece, an' after that you'd ha' figgered that I was jes' seventeen year old an' had jes' put on long dresses. They's one little sken-

elet in th' piece w'ere this 'Zahzah,' who's been doin' stunts in bum beer halls fer a livin', stacks up agin th' little kid in skirts

that b'longs t' th' guy she's mashed on; an if that little ten minits don't screw th

wet out o' yer lamps worse'n ten cents

worth o' ammorffa, you kin welch on cash-in' me ticket. Felier sittin' nex' t' me that's done as many stunts on th' farm fer fight-

in' as he's got fingers, got th' blubbers so bad right there that he liked t' have choked t' death a-holdin' 'em in so's no-body'd pipe him off, an' I felt a whole heap sore massif, if anyhody's askin' you

ore meself, if anybody's askin' you.
"Then there's a bunch o' talk w'ere th'

in' around wit' a bokay an' tries t' make up with this here 'Zahzah' after she's

passed him up an' got mixed up wit' th' rain gezebu o' th' show. Is it warm? Say, h' way she lets out on that shakey o'! firtlets, wit' his watery grin an' his wig

on' false teet', is enough t' make a grizzly elimb a tree or a fresh cop back into a ballway. She picks up her words like

they was so many 12-pound dumbbells, an' the chucks 'em at him like a juggler throw-n' twenty rubber balls again' a wall. Then

e makes fer him like a filly breakin' away

om th' post wit' a flat-feeted start, an's' w'en you begin t' t'ink that she's goin'

knock his block off wit' a chair or a unk off th' mantelpiece, he skates out o' ' room—w'ich is jes' what I'd do meself

of I was in th' same fix. A mug that'll take a chanst on lettin' a woman wit' red thair poke him wit' a sofa leg or a hot tea

oot has got sumpin' absent from his lid, out this Jook knowed his gait all right all

orrect, an' he drilled out o' that.
"Th' hottest limekiln in th' show, though,

s w'en this red-headed 'Zahzah' gits on t'
th' fac' that her beau's bin doubled up long
sefore he eve seen her, an' that he's about
' hand her th' icy mitt by sneakin' off wit'
sis wife an' kid fer for'n parts, w'ich in th'
show is th' United States. Say, I don't mind
yain' un agin a pinne-mover or a dock that

join' up agin a piano-mover or a duck that nammers cobblestones in th' street; that's les' exercist, an' th' worst that kin happen

you is t' git siugged good an' proper. But, ay, I wouldn't want t' have no red-headed yoman like this 'Zahzah' git nex' t' me fer

andin' her a phony line o' goods, an' oper

and the red photo fine opens up on her beau in his piece. Her eyes look like a cat's in a black cellar, an' her red hair stands up like

black cellar, an her red hair stands up like a terrier's that sees a snake, an' the slugs an' nails an' scrap iron that she punches into that poor guy that hasn't bin on th' level wit' her ought t' have bin enough t'

make him wisht he'd croaked w'en he was young an' vealy.
"Th' last act is one o' these dopey things

that sounds like th' Marine Band a-playin' soft an' low after gee-whangin' away at a lot o' Dutch opreys. It's a long time after th' red-headed 'Zahzah' has passed up th' chief gezebu an' she's got t' be a good many of a actorine singer. Well, he comes a snoonly around an' makes a goth the distriction.

many of a actorine singer. Well, he comes a-snoopin' around an' makes a stab at winnin' her all over agin, but, no, nix, it don't happen his way. She don't hand him th' cold storage, but she chimes him a lot o' mellow talk about it can never be, an' them days has passed, an' I'm older than I used t' was, an' you're all right, but yon won't do, an' I'm wedded t' me art, an' th' ol' pipe-dream's all gone up in smoke; an' then she gives him one finger, an' steps into a hack that's waitin' fer her, an' he stands still an' lets th' red an' valler leaves

stands still an' lets th' red an' yaller leaves o' autumn fall on him, an' th' curtain comes down slow an' easy, leavin' him there, a-

wishin' he hadn't spoke.

ok, or sumpin' like that, comes a-hor

"Wen these t'eatrical dubs begin t' chuck

pair o' canal mules and a windlass.



of meat, which he eats with apparent relish

was tied just ahead of him and calmiy begin eating a steak. After that he was fed often with bits of meat, and many a

bet has been won and lost on his peculiar

appetite.
"Up to last week Tom varied his carnal

meals by eating a fish, but he was then cured in a manner that was ludicrous to the spectators, but very painful to himself. He was reaching into a fish wagon where his olfactories detected the odor of his favorite fish, a smelt, when an active and belligerent trait took offerse at the intrusion and

crab took offense at the intrusion and promptly fastened to his lower lip. Tom shook his head frantically and whinnled in pain, but the crustacean held on until he

was crushed by being banged against the

side of the wagon. Since then nothing will tempt the horse to look at a fish."

One of the frequent callers at the White

House is an old Virginian, well known in

many cities and climes. He was once in

the diplomatic service, and because he is a

republican desires another appointment.

He comes to the White House as regularly

each day as he says his prayers, and he

declares that he does this every morning.

In the two years' time he has never seen

the President, but he talks to other offi-

cials. His daily visits are expected now.

Nearly every morning during the last

on his way out of the grounds, and those

who did not know the kind of tree mar-

veled at this performance. The tree is a

the northeast corner of the grounds. It

are said to be fairly nice in flavor. They taste much like the regular chestnut. "The judge" not only secured all he wanted to eat, but placed many of the chestnuts in

his pocket. In the lower part of the White House

grounds are any number of buckeye trees, which furnish buckeyes by the bushel. These trees came from Ohio, their native state, and were planted during the term of

President Hayes. Many a visitor to the White House would give considerable to get some of these buckeyes as souvenirs,

but as visitors are not allowed in the lower portion of the grounds they are not

aware of the existence of the trees and

what they bear. Many people who believe

that buckeyes prevent rheumatism and other ills and misfortunes carry White

House buckeyes in their pockets. The buckeyes look much like the horse chest-nuts in shape and color, but the skin is almost as hard as flint and they keep for-

is said to have carried a buckeye in each trousers pocket to ward of rheumatism.

DIFFICULT TEST.

One Man Subjected to It Literally Interprets Instructions.

One of the hardest tests given applicants

who go before the civil service commission

poards of examiners is in the form of print-

ed matter which is to be copied without a

single change. It is said to be surprising

to find how many intelligent people find it

impossible to properly stand this test. They

can frequently correct errors in language

There was lately an applicant who showed his aptitude for this work. He was given

a printed page and told to copy it.
"Want it just like this?" he asked.
"Without a change," the examiner re-

The man labored. The printed matter

trusted employes in the service of the com-mission, where he was detailed shortly after taking his examination.

Placing the Vintage.

Harold-"What do you think of this

whisky, old chap? It was distilled before

Rupert—"Great, old man! But, say, we did just unmercifully lick those Spanlards,

Incompatible.

The Fair Client-"I cannot live happily

with a man with whom I do not sympa-

The Lawyer-"In what do you differ?"

Getting the Facts.

"My sweetheart gave me a pair of silver-

Mementos of Certain Events

The only things Spain appears to have to

Were you mean enough to go and price

'Well, he doesn't believe in debt.'

From the Detroit Free Press.

From the Les Angeles Times.

backed brushes that cost \$25."

"No; but I had to pawn them."

the war."

didn't we?"

which they cannot copy verbatim.

One of the best-known Presidents

While Cuba and Porto Rico were under Spanish rule the poor inhabitants of those islands were never known to wear shoes, as only the most expensive footgear, intended for the well-to-do classes, was then sold in these two Spanish possessions," said an exporter of shoes in New York to a writer for The Star recently. "But before Cuba and Porto Rico were taken from Spain several American shoe manufacturers with an eye to business had the necessary lasts and machinery made for turning out such shoes as would be serviceable, and within the means of the poor bare-footed natives. Today there are few, if any, shoeless men, women and children there, and the manufacturers who supplied the want are reaping rich harvests for their enterprise. On all the steamers that have sailed from this port for Havana and Porto Rico since last December shoes have been an important part of the cargo, and the value of these exports up to the present time amounts to considerably over a mil-

lion dollars. The firms that make a specialty of manufacturing shoes for people living in the tropics also cater to the South Amerithe tropics also cater to the South American trade, in which they claim there is more money to be made than there is in the home market. Of course, a special kind of shoe has to be made for these exports. The shoes are large and flat soled, as such a style is well adapted for wear in a tropi-cal climate. They are made to sell at from \$1.25 to \$2.50 a pair. Nothing above the latter figure would do, as the natives cannot afford to pay more for their shoes.

"The next and most important market for American shoes will be the Philippines, as we expect to shoe the millions of people living on those islands as soon as

* * * * *

"The most popular play that was probably ever written is Shakespeare's Julius Caesar," said an eminent Shakespearean scholar to a Star reporter recently. "From the time that it was first performed in England in the sixteenth century to the present day it is estimated that that tragedy has been enacted in various parts of the world no less than 20,000 times. It has been translated into German nine times, into French seven, into Italian six, into modern Greek three, into Latin and Swedish twice and into Croatian, Danish, Dutch, Frisian Polish, Roumanian, Russian, Mag-

peace is declared."

Frisian Polish, Roumanian, Russian, May yar, Portuguese and Yiddish.

"There are seven or eight English acting editions of the tragedy. But one attempt actually to alter and improve the play has ever been made. This was in 1722, when John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, divided it into two parts at the death of vided it into two parts at the death of Caesar, calling it 'The Tragedies of Julius Caesar and Marcus Brutus,' and made many other changes. To enrich this poor play (or rather these poor plays) Pope fur-nished some choruses. But they had the usual effects of ill-adjusted ornaments they served only to make the meaning of the thing they bedecked the more conspic-

* * * * *
"You may not believe me, but it is nevertheless a fact that a great many hotel and restaurant waiters can tell a diner's occupation by his manner of eating," said a waiter in a restaurant to a Star reporter recently. "Of course, the waiter must be a server of human nature to determine with accuracy whether a customer is a seissors grinder or a banker. But if a man is intelligent and avails himself of the opportunities his position affords him for the field of study he will soon find that a eating, has acquired, in with the exception of a fly speck on one of

the daily pursuance of his calling, some habit that will show itself.

"For instance, a banker may come in, seat himself and call for an oyster stew. If he does, as soon as the order is served he is apt to begin a search with his spoon for the overleast that are not visible just to for the overleast that are not visible just to oysters that are not visible just to and today is one of the best and most e if there is a miscount.
"A gambier will look around to see if any

one is watching and then paim a slice of bread. If he orders parcakes he is sure to slip them one by one from the bottom as he eats them. The clething salesman will hold his paneakes up to the light and feel the texture, while the keen observer will notice that the jeweler upon ordering pie will hold it to his ear, shake it and then listen, after which he will lift off the top crust with the point of his knife and examine the inside Have you ever made a mistake in judg-

ing a man's occupation?"
"Only once. And that could nardly be called a mistake, for I made no decision as to the man's business. The fellow came in and ordered his dinner. Of course, I gave him a glass of water. He looked at it with some surprise and said; 'I didn't order 'It costs you nothing,' says I, 'and you

don't need to drink it unless you want to.'
He thanked me, and what do you think?
He broke his bread into it and then ate it
with a spoon. I didn't know what to make
of it, and for the life of me I couldn't determine what his business was. When he was leaving I tapped him on the shoulder and asked him outright what he did for a

living.

"'Why,' says he, 'I'm a milkman.'"

* * * * * *

"Most horses have a liking for sugar and I have known them to drink beer, but I had I have known them to drink beer, but I had give to her naval heroes are handsomely never seen a horse that was really fond of engrossed verdicts of a court-martial.

OUEER THINGS MEN DO HIS OPINION OF ZAZA CROOKS WITH LONG HEADS

"It is singular-perhaps a bit depressing -to reflect that our predictions, based upon positive belief, as to what we'd do under certain conditions generally prove, when those conditions are created, to be the merest moonshine," said a philosophical lawyer from San Francisco, who was in Washington the other day. "I simply aim to indicate the absurdity of attempting to forecast for ourselves. I shall give you two exact illustrations of how I have seen that sort of thing operate.

"You have heard men of moderate incomes dilate upon what they'd do if they had money? The original methods they'd employ to spend it? The islets in the Aegean sea that they'd buy? The perpetual Tom's appetite developed about two months ago. No one knew of his strange partiality for meat until one day he was seen to reach into another of my carts that

saturnalia into which they'd plunge?
"Ten years ago I knew a young man in
San Francisco whom we'll call Billy Bowers. He had a position with an insurance company that paid him \$3,000 a year. He was a pretty swift proposition for a man of twenty-eight. He belonged to the Bohe-mian and other clubs, and he used to see he rosy dawn about seven mornings in the week. In short, Billy went at such a clip that at the time I speak of he looked like a sure loser; he bade fair to be a wreck within a very few years; it was a bet that he'd never see his thirty-fifth birthday. He held on to his position with the insurance company because San Fran-cisco is a speedy burg, and things are in-dulgently overlooked out there that wouldn' be tolerated back this way.

"If I were to fall heir to a million dol-lars,' Billy said to me one day, 'I'd be dead in less than a twelvemonth.'
"'I don't doubt it in the least,' I replied.
'And the more fool you. You are endowed
with the mentality of the ordinary oyster

of commerce and no more."
"This dig was inexact, for Bowers was really a bright man, but I was sore over his dissoluteness, having known him since his infancy, and his people before him. Well, just three weeks after that conversation of ours Billy's aunt in Mendocino county died, and, quite unexpectedly, be-queathed a pat one million dollars unto her dearly beloved nephew, William Bowers.

dearly beloved nephew, William Bowers, Billy had been in apparent disfavor with the old lady for years. I was appointed one of the trustees of the estate.

"'Now, son, go it!' said I when Billy came to me to talk over the thing. The million's yours—not tied up, but in cash and convertible securities. Plunge in and see how quickly you can dissolve it. There's no manner of use in talking to you. Kill yourself, son! month "the judge" has stopped at a tree horse chestnut and stands near the gate at yourself, son!

"Billy gave me a slow smile. I hadn't seen him quite so thoroughly sober in several years. He didn't even smell of cloves. He talked over details so rationally that I had to ridicule him for his pretentious and overwhelming sobriety. He gave me more slow smiles

"I didn't see him at any of his clubs that night, nor the next night, nor the next after that. Three days later Billy dropped in on me, clear-eyed, quiet, slick as a whistle, and invited me over to Oakland to see him married. It was a quiet marriage. Billy married one of the nicest girls I ever saw a demure, clever, sweet-voiced woman who sang in an Oakland choir. I told Billy in an aside, after the ceremony, that my heart went out to his poor wife. He passed me another dreamy smile, and said nothing,

"Well, that was ten years ago. Every Sunday I run down to Billy's superb sea-side home in San Mateo county and take dinner with him and his charming wife and their four pretty children I generally find Billy cutting roses in the garden, or doing something like that. He has never taken a drink since the day he heard of his legacy. He is worth something like two millions today. He has been around the world with his wife and two of the children. He is one of the solidest, squarest men I know, and a husband for any woman to be proud of—as his wife is. He is very fond of ancient his-tory, of his conservatories, of music, and of games of tag and bean-bag with his chil-dren. That is the Billy who told me that, if anybody left him a million dollars, he'd be dead and buried one year later.

"A bit more than ten years ago one of my clients was a sedate man who we'll call James Powers. He was married, and had three children. He was in the hardware business, and made a moderately good liv-ing at it. He was of a religious turn of ing at it. He was of a religious turn of mind. He was booked to fall heir to the estate of an old bachelor uncle who had cleaned up nearly a million in Nevada min-ing operations. The uncle wouldn't have ing operations. The uncle wouldn't have anything to do with Powers, yet he had notified Powers that he intended leaving him all of his wealth. For two or three years before the crusty old uncle died, Powers had often dropped in on me and discussed various philanthropic schemes which he intended to undertake when he came into possession of the old man's money. The orphanages, the homes for money. The orphanages, the homes for disabled seamen, the hospitals for incurables, the soup houses for hungry men, that Powers was going to assist, were simply too numerous for me to keep tab on.

"By the time you get through doing all of these things," I used to say to him, 'there'll be nothing left for yourself.' "'What is the good of money except for the uses to which it can be put in helping others?' Powers would reply. "Well, the old uncle died, and he left

every sou-marque and stiver of his approxinate million to my client, James Powers whereupon, to employ a phrase of the pave, James Powers went right up in the air. He was a man of thirty-four, and had always led a steady, precise life. In less than a month after a considerable sum had acquired such a taste for champagne that you could usually see beads of it standing out on his forehead at any hour after noon. He sought admission to the

roystering clubs, and it was not long before he was the blade of them all.
"'Tut, tut, man!' I would say to him why this misbehavior? You are not a lad. How about the orphanages, the soup houses, the hospitals? Moreover, how about your wife and children? Your conduct is that of a man suddenly bereft of his brains. It were well that you should pull yourself

together and reflect.
"But the erstwhile sedate, steady-jogging James Powers would mumble me a reply larger that having been 'tied to the general effect that, having been down' for a large stretch of years, he in-tended to regale himself for at least a period.

"He did regale himself. It would have been impossible for any man to attain disbeen impossible for any man to attain dis-reputability in quicker time than James Powers did. His legacy went like water— like wine, let me say. His wife was com-pelled to sue him for separate maintenance. There was no persuading James Powers— no clubbing sense into him. When a man of thirty-five begins at the top of the to-boggan he has a longer descent to make than the lad who begins early.

"Powers is now in a California asylum for the hopelessly insane. By contriving, enough was saved out of the wreck of his fortune to maintain his broken-spirited wife and her children view of all of which one is tempted

to execute a wan smile when he hears grown men or lads maundering as to what they'd do under a particular combination of circumstances.'

James Bryce on the Boers James Bryce in his "Impressions of South

elements of modern civilization, gone back rather than forward. They are a halfnomad race, pasturing their flocks and herds over the vast spaces of what is still a wilderness, and migrating in their wagons from the higher to the lower paswagons from the nigner to the lower pas-tures according to the season of the year. Living entirely in the open air and mostly in the saddle, they are strangely ignorant and backward in all their ideas. They have no literature and very few newspapers. Their religion is the Dutch and Huguenot Calvinism of the seventeenth century, rigid and stern, hostile to all new light, imbued and stern, hostile to all new light, imbued with the spirit of the Old Testament rather than of the New. They dislike and despise the Kaffrs, whom they have regarded as Israel may have regarded the Amalekites, and whom they have treated with equal severity. They hate the English also, who are to them the hereditary enemies that conquered them at the Cape; that drove them out into the wilderness in 1836; that annexed their republic in 1877, and there-fore broke the promises of self-government made at the time of annexation; that

Nodd-"One thing is certain. A man

"Say, if you're a-buntin' fer th' limit in "The crooks of Chicago don't believe in eal, four-ply weeps-weeps that kingive Salt the running game in attempting to escape Lake high, jack an'th' game an' make it when caught at work," said a Chicago delook like well, water-jes' look in on th tective. who was in Washington last week, show at th' Nash'nal this week, that's all." "and I'm rather inclined to believe that remarked the young man in the plaid suit they've got the sensible end of it. A man and the horseshoe diamond pin, out of the who starts to run away from one or more left corner of His face. "It's a whirl called policemen, no matter whether he is swifter 'Zawzah,' or 'Zahzah,' or 'Zayzay,' or sumpin' like that—diff'rent bunches spiel of foot than a deer, is bound to be collared nine times out of ten; whether he makes it in diff'rent ways. Whatever's th' High his dash at midday or in the middle of the School way o'T heavin' it, this 'Zahzah's' night. He has to take the big chance of th' real kifty-nitch an' th' real stake-winbeing headed off by other cops, and he has ner o' th' year, an' I ain't a-burnin' no to take chances on the blind alleys that smokeless powder, neither. O' cou'se, I'm he's liable to run into. The crook, caught includin' th' brick-topped lady that canters red-handed, who keeps longest out of the t'roo th' field an' wins hands down in 'Zah-zah.' Her name's Carter, an' she used t' put up pink teas an' that kind o' stuff out clutches of the police, is the man who uses his head and who doesn't run. To illustrate: in Porktown before she got next t' it that she was jes' nacherly built t' use up han'-"A few months ago a well-known Chikerchiefs in weepy t'eatricals. Say, she kin give any stage-galloper in trainin' enough weight t' break a elephant's back,

cago housebreaker, who has put in numerous hefty stretches at Jollet, decided to crack a crib on Prairie avenue—one of the swagger houses of the town. He found that the whole family occupying the house were going to the theater on a certain night, and he figured on all of the servants remaining below stairs after the family's departure. He made a second-story job of it, climbing up a porch, and he got in with out a bit of trouble. It was really some-thing easy, and the fellow simply got pock-ets full of jewelry. The thing was passing off beautifully when a maid servant walked in on him while he was ransacking the dressers in one of the ladies' boudoirs. She let out a scream and went a-kiting down the steps to where the men servants were. The crook sloped for the front door on the second floor, and slipped down the same porch stanchion that he had used in climb ing up. He was pretty quick, and he was a couple of doors away, on the sidewalk, before a lot of servants burst out of the house and began to vell for the police. "Now, if that crook had started to run there is no manner of doubt that he would have been headed off, and he would have have been headed off, and he would have stood more than an even chance of being shot into the bargain—if not by a cop, then by some citizen or other, for since the reign of footpad terror in Chicago a few years ago a majority of the citizens who stay out late o' nights pack guns around with them. Well, this thlef didn't do any running stunt at all. There was an undertaker's wagon standing in front of a house about five doors away from the one he had about five doors away from the one he had robbed. No one was in the wagon. The crook saw his chance. He stepped aboard the wagon in a leisurely manner, gave a cluck to the horse and started to drive off at a lazy trot just as a couple of officers charged around the corner. He pulled the wagon up to talk to the cops. "I guess somebody's been killed down in

that house the way they're yellin',' he said to the cops.
"'Have you seen any one running by

here?" the policemen asked him.
"'Well, just as I hopped aboard the wagon there was a duck chased out o' that house and screwed down the other way,' replied the thief, and the policemen took up their lope and started for the robbed house. The thief drove down Prairie ave-nue with all the leisure in life. He abanoned the wagon after going a mile, and took a down-town car. I nailed him a couple of months later when he was drunk, on suspicion of having a hand in a certain job, and he was boastful enough to own up to it, and to tell me how he'd got away on the occasion I've told you about. "Still more recently there was another well-known Chicago second-story man caught in the act of going through a house

on one of the prominent boulevards. The butler came in on him, and he punched the butler a swift one and back-heeled him. Then he walked swiftly out of the house and down the steps, a number of the other servants meantime appearing at the basement door and howling. Down in the next block a big gang of all-night men were en-gaged in putting in new sewer pipes. The crook didn't take up any sprint, but he just made for the scene of the sewer-pipe op-erations at a good walking clip. He was got up pretty roughly, and he jumped into the first ditch he came to, after having caught up a pick that was lying on the brink, and started in to work. There was a Swede in the pit there with him, but the Swede had the proper Scandinivian stolid-ty, and be didn't new any attentions beity, and he didn't pay any attention to his new digging companion. The crook plied his pick there for an hour, while cops plowed around all over the street looking for the robber. When the excitement had all died down he dropped his pick and stole silently away. There was rum in this one's head, too, when one of my sieuth pals got him, and he told chestily of the neat way he had given the cops the slip. So many of actics nowadays that it is rare for a Chicago policeman to get a run for his money in the half literal sense.'

IN THE WRONG BAY.

Sailing by a Chesapeake Chart, He Had a Slow Voyage Up the Delaware.

From the Philadelphia Times. The man who has "been thirty years along the wharves" tells some queer old stories sometimes. In the haunts where Philadelphia's mariners most do frequent he is to be found with some yarn anent the tortuous Delaware and its tributaries. Some of the anecdotes have in them good sense and logic, for the narrator is well known as the best-informed marine statistician in this part of the world.

This sea prophet, however, has become famous by his delineation of the mistakes of captains who have sailed into these waters. He is evidently sincere in his telling. and the positive manner which characterizes the latter often stamp as genuine a yarn which might well put Baron Munchausen or Sir John Mandeville to the blush. "You have all heard," began the thirty-

year wharf stroller, yesterday, to an admiring group of the shipping fraternity, "how a certain Down East skipper negotiated for a charter here to load coal for Omaha, and how the steamboat Major Rey-bold broke loose from her moorings one night and made her regular trip to Milford and return, including nineteen stops, with-out any mishap, although there was nobody on board. She had been there so often she knew the way, I suppose. This is nothing. however, to an experience I had once on this river. "Years ago I was a reporter for the Mari-

ime Exchange. I used to get in a rowboat and go down the river looking for business, One day I got as far as Chester and found the Delaware deserted. I wired the office and asked what to do. They answered, 'Go down further.'

down further,
"About five miles below Chester I saw a
schooner and recognized the old Yankee
type. Coming closer I saw the craft was aground, and in that is what I call a good story.
"I hailed the skipper and he hailed me.

came alongside and boarded her. She was loaded with ice from Cherrystone, Me. "'Young man,' said the captain, 'what is the matter with this cussed river of yours? the matter with this cussed river of yours? I have been aground twenty-nine times in the last six hours, and I am not drawing such an awful lot of water, either.'
"'Where are you bound for?' I asked.
"'For Baltimore,' he replied, 'and if I don't have no better luck this will be my last yoyage.'
"'Of course, I was surprised to hear that he was bound for Baltimore, and in these

he was bound for Baltimore and in these

waters.

"'Captain,' said I, 'let me see your chart.'
"He took me down and showed it to me.
It was all marked up with pencil, showing
the course he had followed.
"To my surprise it was a chart of the
Chesapeake bay. Would you believe it, but
the old fool had sailed clear up the Delaware bay to the river by a chart of the
Chesapeake, and had got over seventy miles
on his way without mishap! That's what
he did, and I think it was the most singular of all the incidents which I remember lar of all the incidents which I remember since I have been around the wharves."

Lucky Escape.

Jones-"They say Smith's three daughters all got engaged to foreign noblemen while at the 'shore,' and that Smith is tickled to death about it." Brown—"Yes. He's just found out that they are all dry goods clerks, and self-

supporting.'

In the South. From Puck.

wouldn't issher any moah proclermations ag'in lynchin'!" Pete-"Why not?" Sam-"Wal, dere was t'ree niggahs lynch-ed right after he isshered de las' one!"

Of Course She Wouldn't. From Tit Bits. "Josephine won't take any medicine for hat dreadful cough."

JOHNSON!

Gratitude.

I's feelin' mighty thankful sence I read dat message sent To de white an' cullud people f'um de U.S.

President. I's feelin' mighty thankful dat I's gone an' put away A pow'ful purty chicken foh to celebrate de

day. An' Razzer Jim, he come along a-sizin' up

de coop. An' he hyurd me bein' thankful, an', says

he, "I wouldn' stoop Ter brag; you's got de chicken now; but in a day or two Jes' come aroun' an' maybe I'll be thank-

fuller dan you."

I didn' lose no time. I hurried right down to de sto'.

An' bought a bran' new padlock for ter fasten up dat do'. I's thankful dat dis country is so prosper-

ous an' free, An' publickle-arly thankful dat I got dat lock an' key.

The Importance of Corn. "Yes," said Colonel Stilwell," everything

is progressing nicely with the people in my part of the country, I am happy to say."

"It is a fine region," said the young girl.
"It is. One of the most salubrious on earth. It is there that the great golden orb, as it swings on its diurnal path across talk it several, and I expect to work it the sky, pauses to send his tenderest messages across the sunbeams which bind him to the earth."

girl. "It's something like wireless telegraphy, isn't it?" The colonel looked a little annoyed, and

she hastily exclaimed: "It must be perfectly lovely there." "It is. The only gold we ask for is that

which is coined from the sunlight into great ears of yellow corn. That's what my neighbors and I used to pride ourselves on. "Corn is a very useful article," she said,

with a dainty chirp.

"Of co'se it is. People could not get along without it. I remember one year-one of the most terrible I ever experienced. My sympathies were never before so deeply moved. There was a drouth. The corn crop was a failure."

must have been dreadful. Still, you could send elsewhere."
"I could. So could the other comparatively well-to-do people. But I was thinking of the poor. I tell you, if it hadn't been fon the charity of a number of charitable citizens, myself among them, I have no doubt that a great many of those unfortunate heaves would have died of thirst." nate beings would have died of thirst.

A Potent Argument.

The kid was in the cradle, smilin', placid an' content, When I set out to tell his mother 'bout the

gover'ment. I thought 'twould be a right good plan to talk 'em over then,

An' git my theories straightened, 'fore I told my fellow-men Jes' what the difficulty was, jes' why the

times was hard; Why some could live in luxury an' all the

was jes' a-gettin' started, tellin' what they'd orter do To bust the tyrant's shackles, when the baby says, "Ah goo!"

Then mother hurried from her chair, as pleased as she could be. Jes' listen to the child! He's goin' fur to

talk!" says she. An' I stood there a-watchin' smiles an' dimples swift at play-

'Twas half an hour before my speech once more got under way; But I was soon warmed up ag'in; I laid the law down flat,

An' mother said I told it mighty eloquent made some propositions which was ab-

solutely new. An' started in to prove 'em, when the baby said. "Ah goo!"

I had to stop an' listen an' to hold 'im in my arms. We wouldn't trade his laughin' fur a planet full o' farms.

I told him all about it, an' he slowly blinked his eyes.

The same as growed-up people when they're tryin' to look wise. An' when I spoke about the wrongs which and the naive confessions of reformed are a-holdin' sway,

He shet his little fist up in a very threatenin' way: An' then he seemed to think that he was

in the confab too; He put his little hands up to my face an' said, "Ah goo,"

An' mother says, "I sometimes fear your philanthropic dreams Is interferin' slightly with our more immediate schemes.

The boy will need a lot o' things; a baby's boun' to grow; He's more to us than all the human race." Says I, "That's so."

I've settled down to business. I don't lecture any more. I s'pose the same thing's happened lots an' lots o' times before.

There's been tremenjus projecks that has never got put through, An' all because some baby in his home jes' said "Ah goo."

A Mean Advantage.

"Mister," said Broncho Bob, "you're a stranger in this community." "Yes," was the gentle, unassuming an-

"I want to make you welcome, but before takin' you into the bosom of the family I want to ask you a question or two. Have you got any good advice concealed on you?" "I-I must confess I don't quite understand."

"Have you any of these little saying like 'Think before you speak' an' 'Let dogs delight,' an' so forth? Because if you have, you might as well take warnin' as how they don't go here. Keep 'em to yourself. I've took a likin' to your style, an' I don't want to see you makin' any false moves-'cause if you do you'll git jumped. There was a feller come here about five weeks

ago. He left four weeks ago, an' ain't beer seen since. We're all fair an' square here. If we make a bargain, we stick to it, but it did hurt to let that feller git away. He it did hurt to let that feller git away. He used to play poker an' quote plety harder'n anybody I ever seen. Finally, one night, he says, 'Boys, they's altogether too much quick-temperedness in this place. Now, we're all square people. What we say we'ld do, we'll do, an' it 'ud ameliorate general conditions (words like them come easy fur him) if we was to take time to let our tempers cool, instead o' jumpin' in an' actin' rash. Now what I propose,' he said, 'Is that when any of us gits riled, instead o' draggin' a gun into the game, or takkin' back, he must count a hundred. That's an' old-fashioned idea, but it saves lots of unpleasantness.' 'Good scheme,' said Rattlesnake Pete. 'It gives both parties a chance to take steadier gives both parties a chance to take steadier aim.' An' follerin' Rattlesnake Pete's lead,

we all fined in an' made the agreement. The very nex' night there was a big poker game an' the stranger was gittin' blisters on his fingers rubbin' 'em over the cloth while he took in chips. All of a sudden Apache Joe jumped up an' says, 'You jes' dropped a card you've been holdin' out. I seen yer!' Says the stranger, 'Joe,' says he, 'you'se a liar!' Joe reached fur his gun an' the stranger says. 'Don't furgit the baryou'se a liar!' Joe reached fur his gun an' the stranger says, 'Don't furgit the bargain. You've got to count a hundred.' That's right,' says all the fellers. Joe started in countin' out loud. It rattled the fellers who was playin' keno in the nex' room so that they had to come out an' look on. The stranger kep' his eye on Joe, an' moved his lips, but didn't make a sound. When Joe got to '49' the stranger says '100,' lifted his gun an' blazed away. The crowd made a rush fur him, but he lifted crowd made a rush fur him, but he lifted his hand an says, 'It's all square, boys. I couldn't help gittin' through fust. I'm a lightning calculator.'

A Faux Pas.

"Whatever you do," said the young man whose light yellow overcoat shows an inclination to stick out around the ends as if it had a hoop skirt under it, "don't use slang. Cut your grammar once in awhile if you can give away what's takin' up room in your think-box any quicker, but don't use slang-that is to say, speak proper. That's what I mean; speak proper, even if it hurts."

"You use slang a few yourself," co mented the friend

"I used to. But I'm breaking away. I used to sling it around much. Now I only down to zero in a little while. I've reformed. I've bought a book of mistakes to be avoided, and I'm going to talk like a "You don't say so!" exclaimed the young | classical dictionery before I give up.

"Tain't such a matter of life and death." "It is with me. My hair never came so near turning white in a single night as it



did a couple of weeks ago. The firm insisted on sending me out into one of the wlid-est patches of country in this section of the world. I started out to ingratiate myself, and was getting along fine. There was one old fellow who hung around the store a great deal and seemed to have everybody scared. I made up my mind that he was a chap I wanted to have on my side. so I started in and made up to him the best knew how. I never saw a man treated with so much deference as he was. So jumped in and told him all the funny stories I knew. Every time he laughed every-body else laughed, and when he didn't seemed to like it, there was a general at ke it there was a governl at scened to like it there was a general attack of the blues. After awhile he told a story himself. I laughed as hard as I could, and I slapped him on the shoulder and said, 'I've heard of you before.' 'You have,' said he, looking suspicious all of a sudden. 'Yes,' said I. 'And you're all right. You're a bird.' I never saw such a swift change of scenery in my life. The floor was always. bird.' I never saw such a swift change of scenery in my life. The floor was cleared all of a sudden and all the occupants of the place, except the old man and myself, were looking up from behind boxes and barrels. He had a six-shooter pointed at me, and if his finger had trembled, I'd have the subject for a 'dearest Willie, thou hast left us' piece of poetly then and there. Just then a young girl rushed into the place and threw herself between us."

"Of course," commented the friend. "This is about chapter III. She exclaimed, 'Spare him! Spare him for my sake.'"

is about chapter III. She exclaimed, 'Spare him' Spare him for my sake'."

"No. She didn't say anything of the kind. She merely said, 'Don't be a fool, dad. He didn't mean anything. He ain't heard a word about it.' Then she turned to me and said: '1ou want to be keerful about how you talk about anything in the fowl way before dad. He was tarred an' feathered week hefore last. He ain't get clean over

week before last. He ain't got clean over it yet, an' he won't stand no jokin' about it." Opium Smokers in China.

From the Shanghal Mercury.

To learn the actual number of oplum smokers is impossible, but we know the amount of the foreign import of this drug opium smokers tell us precisely the amount of opium required to pass the yin or craving. It is one-fifth of an ounce daily. An ounce or liang is consumed in five days, and a catty suffices for eighty days. Four catties are enough for 320 days, and another half catty will carry the smoker to the end of a year with comfort. A picul is enough, then, for only twenty-two persons, and 50,000 piculs is sufficient for not more than 1,100,000 persons. The law of compulsion in the smoker is just as imperious for native opium as for foreign. It is a matter of great interest to know the extent of the evil.

In regard to Szechuen, that very populous and wealthy province. Mr. Schjoth, in the Trade Report for 1898, informs us that Sze-chuen produces 190,000 piculs of opium, and the cultivation is always increasing. At the cultivation is always increasing. At Chungching, where he is commissioner, he is told that 30,000 piculs suffice for consumption in the province, and that 65,000 piculs are exported. We may conclude that the smokers of that province cannot be less than 660,000. Since the population is 67,000,000, the number of smokers is one in a hundred. In Shensi one in 140 smokes, in Szechuen one in 100. In Formosa one in fifteen is the proportion in cities where the people are sunk to the lowest point of degradation, and this is the largest proporgradation, and this is the largest propor-tion yet known of opium smokers as com-pared with the general population.

Wanted Him to Stay. From Puck.

Von Blumer-"Have another cigar." Plankington-"Thanks (puff), but really I must go. (Puff.) It's getting late." Von Blumer-"For heaven's sake don't eave yet, old man! (Puff.) My wife objects to my smoking in the house.

Lucky Jimmie. m Collier's Weekly.



Johnnie-"Ain't you goin' Jimmie (Joyfully)—"No siree, I'm goin' ter stay home; and all I got ter do is clean out the pump, cut two cords o' wood and put in a ton o' coal."



She-"So, dear Baron, you are just come down from the mountains. What lovely dews you get there, do you not?" Herr Baron—"Most lofty!"
She—"And what delicious water they give you to drink there!"
Herr Baron—"Ach, yes. Dat also haf I seen."—Punch.

Africa" has this striking passage on the "Severed from Europe and its influence 200 years ago, they have, in some of the

made at the time of annexation; that stopped their expansion on the west by occupying Bechuanaland, and on the north by occupying Matabeleland and Mashonaland; and that are now, as they believe, plotting to find some pretext for overthrowing their independence. Their usual term (when they talk among themselves) for an Englishman is 'rotten egg.' This hatred is mingled with a contempt for those whom they defeated at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill, and with a fear born of the sense that the English are their superiors in knowledge, in activity, and in statecraft.

never gets young again."
Todd—"That's so. We may never hope to know as much as we once did."—Life,

wishin' he hadn't spoke.

"Then everybody breaks out, pretendin' t' be cheerful an' happy an' jes' full o' laugh; but you git nex' t' it that th' wimmen's noses is all red an' their lamps pouchy underneat', an' th' guys wit' em are doin' a whole lot more coughin' an' blowin' their noses than there's any need-cessity fer—an' that's 'Zahzah.'"

"I dunno what 'er misshus 'll sha

"Why not?"
"She doesn't want to get rid of it, because she got it in Paris,"

Sam-"I wish de gov-nor ob de state